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I'VE SELDOM HAD MUCKLE.

I've seldom had muckle, I never had mair,
It's but little in this life that's fa'en to my share;
An' night after night I've gane weary to bed,
To dream o' the morrow's fresh cravings for bread.

An' those whose high duty it was to assist,
Ha'e turn'd on their heel, an' ha'e faulded their fist;
But time's passing on, an' it winna be lang
Till I'm call'd on to finish both journey an' sang.

Oh, the beautiful earth, wi' its music an' flowers
Wi' its green spreading valleys, an' sweet shady bowers,
Has been like a charm to my grief-burden'd heart;
For the friendship o' Nature will never depart.

An' when I'm at rest, and I care na how soon,
For come when it may, I'll bid welcome the boon,
Let me sleep where the wild flowers peacefully wave,
For what gladdens my life, I'd have hallow my grave.

TWICE BLIND;

OR,

THE MAID OF MALINES.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

It was noonday in the town of Malines, or Mechlin, as the English usually term it; the Sabbath bell had summoned the inhabitants to divine worship; and the crowd that had loitered round the church of St. Rembauld had gradually emptied itself within the spacious aisles of the sacred edifice.

A young man was standing in the street, with his eyes bent on the ground, and apparently listening for some sound; for, without raising his looks from the rude pavement, he turned to every corner of it with an intent and anxious expression of countenance; he held in one hand a staff, in the other a long slender cord, the end of which trailed on the ground; every now and then he called, with a plaintive voice, "Fido, Fido, come back! Why hast thou deserted me?" Fido returned not; the dog, wearied of confinement, had slipped from the string, and was at play with his kind in a distant quarter of the town, leaving the blind man to seek his way as he might to his solitary inn.

By-and-by a light step passed through the street, and the young stranger's face brightened—

"Pardon me," said he, turning to the spot where his quick ear had caught the sound, "and direct me, if you are not by chance much pressed for a few moments' time, to the hotel *Mortier d'Or*."

It was a young woman, whose dress betokened that she belonged to the middling classes of life, whom he thus addressed. "It is some distance hence, sir," said she, "but if you continue your way straight on for about a hundred yards, and then take the second turn to your right hand—"

"Alas!" interrupted the stranger, with a melancholy smile, "your direction will avail me little; my dog has deserted me,—and I am blind!"

There was something in these words, and in the stranger's voice, which went irresistibly to the heart of the young woman. "Pray forgive me," she said, almost with tears in her eyes, "I did not perceive your—" misfortune, she was about to say, but she checked herself with an instinctive delicacy. "Lean upon me, I will conduct you to the door; nay, sir," observing that he hesitated, "I have time enough to spare, I assure you."

The stranger placed his hand on the young woman's arm, and though Lucille was naturally so bashful that even her mother would laughingly reproach her for the excess of a maiden virtue, she felt not the least pang of shame, as she found herself thus suddenly walking through the streets of Malines, alone with a young stranger, whose dress and air betokened him of a rank superior to her own.

"Your voice is very gentle," said he, after a pause, "and that," he added, with a slight sigh, "is the criterion by which I only know the young and the beautiful." Lucille now blushed, and with a slight mixture of pain in the blush, for she knew well that to beauty she had no pretension. "Are you a native of this town?" continued he. "Yes, sir; my father holds a small office in the customs, and my mother and I eke out his salary by making lace. We are called poor, but we do not feel it, sir."

"You are fortunate: there is no wealth like the heart's wealth, content," answered the blind man, mournfully.

"And monsieur," said Lucille, feeling angry with herself that she had awakened a natural envy in the stranger's mind, and anxious to change the subject—"and monsieur, has he been long at Malines?"

"But yesterday. I am passing through the Low Countries on a tour; perhaps you smile at the tour of a blind man—but it is wearisome even to the blind to rest always in the same place. I thought during church time, when the streets were empty, that I might, by the help of my dog, enjoy safely at least the air, if not the sight of the town; but there are some persons, methinks, who cannot even have a dog for a friend."

The blind man spoke bitterly,—the desertion of his dog had touched him to the core. Lucille wiped her eyes.

"And does monsieur travel then alone?" said she; and looking at his face more attentively than she had yet ventured to do, she saw that he was scarcely above two-and-twenty. "His father, his mother," she added, with an emphasis on the last word, "are they not with him?"

"I am an orphan," answered the stranger; "and I have neither brother nor sister."

The desolate condition of the blind man quite melted Lucille; never had she been so strongly affected. She felt a strange flutter at the heart—a secret and earnest sympathy, that attracted her at once towards him. She wished that Heaven had suffered her to be his sister.

The contrast between the youth and the form of the stranger, and the affliction which took hope from the one, and activity from the other, increased the compassion he excited. His features were remarkably regular, and had a certain nobleness in their outline; and his frame was gracefully and firmly knit, though he moved cautiously and with no cheerful step.

They had now passed into a narrow street leading toward the hotel, when they heard behind them the clatter of hoofs; and Lucille, looking hastily back, saw that a troop of Belgian horse was passing through the town.

She drew her charge close by the wall, and trembling with fear for him, she stationed herself by his side. The troop passed at a full trot through the street; and at the sound of their clanging arms, and the ringing hoofs of their heavy chargers, Lucille might have seen, had she looked at the blind man's face, that its sad features kindled with enthusiasm, and his head was raised proudly from its wonted and melancholy bend. "Thank Heaven," she said, as the troop had nearly passed them, "the danger is over!" Not so. One of the last two soldiers who rode abreast, was unfortunately mounted on a young and unmanageable horse. The rider's oaths and digging spur only increased the fire and impatience of the charger; he plunged from side to side of the narrow street.

"*Gardez vous,*" cried the horseman, as he was borne to the place where Lucille and the stranger stood against the wall; "are ye mad—why do you not run?"

"For heaven's sake, for mercy's sake, he is blind!" cried Lucille, clinging to the stranger's side.

"Save yourself, my kind guide!" said the stranger. But Lucille dreamt not of such desertion. The trooper wrested the horse's head from the spot where they stood; with a snort, as he felt the spur, the enraged animal lashed out with its hind-legs; and Lucille, unable to save *both*, threw herself before the blind man, and received the shock directed against him; her slight and delicate arm fell shattered by her side—the horseman was borne onward. "Thank God, *you* are saved!" was poor Lucille's exclamation; and she fell, overcome with pain and terror, into the arms which the stranger mechanically opened to receive her.

"My guide, my friend!" cried he, "you are hurt, you—"

"No, sir," interrupted Lucille, faintly, "I am better—I am well. *This* arm, if you please—we are not far from your hotel now."

But the stranger's ear, tutored to every inflection of voice, told him at once of the pain she suffered; he drew from her by degrees the confession of the injury she had sustained; but the generous girl did not tell him it had been incurred solely in his protection. He now insisted on reversing their duties, and accompanying *her* to her home; and Lucille, almost fainting with pain, and hardly able to move, was forced to consent. But a few steps down the next turning stood the humble mansion of her father—they reached it—and Lucille scarcely crossed the threshold, before she sank down and for some minutes was insensible to pain. It was left to

the stranger to explain, and to beseech them immediately to send for a surgeon, "the most skillful—the most practised in the town," said he. "See, I am rich, and this is the least I can do to atone to your generous daughter for not forsaking even a stranger in peril."

He held out his purse as he spoke, but the father refused the offer; and it saved the blind man some shame that he could not see the blush of honest resentment with which so poor a species of remuneration was put aside.

The young man stayed till the surgeon arrived, till the arm was set; nor did he depart until he had obtained a promise from the mother, that he should learn the next morning how the sufferer had passed the night.

The next morning, indeed, he had intended to quit a town that offers but little temptation to the traveler; but he tarried day after day, until Lucille herself accompanied her mother to assure him of her recovery.

The darkness to which he was condemned did not shut from his mind's eye the haunting images of ideal beauty; rather, on the contrary, in his perpetual and unoccupied solitude, he fed the reveries of an imagination naturally warm, and a heart eager for sympathy and commune.

He had said rightly that his only test of beauty was in the melody of voice; and never had a softer or a more thrilling tone than that of the young maiden touched upon his ear. Her exclamation, so beautifully denying self, so devoted in its charity, "Thank God, *you* are saved!" uttered, too, in the moment of her own suffering, rang constantly upon his soul, and he yielded, without precisely defining their nature, to vague and delicious sentiments, that his youth had never awakened to till then. And Lucille—the very accident that had happened to her on his behalf, only deepened the interest she had already conceived for one, who, in the first flush of youth, was thus cut off from the dear objects of life, and left to a night of years, desolate and alone. There is, to your beautiful and kindly sex, a perpetual and gushing *lovingness to protect*. This makes them the angels of sickness, the comforters of age, the fosterers of childhood; and this feeling, in Lucille peculiarly developed, had already inexpressibly linked her compassionate nature to the lot of the unfortunate traveler. With ardent affections, and with thoughts beyond her station and her years, she was not without that modest vanity which made her painfully susceptible to her own deficiencies in beauty. Instinctively conscious of how deeply she herself could love, she believed it impossible that she could ever be so loved in return. This stranger, so superior in her eyes to all she had yet seen, was the first out of her own household, who had ever addressed her in that voice which by tones, not words, speaks that admiration most dear to a woman's heart. To *him* she was beautiful, and her lovely mind spoke out undimmed by the imperfections of her face. Not, indeed, that Lucille was wholly without personal attractions; her light step and graceful form were elastic with the freshness of youth, and her mouth and smile had so gentle and tender an expression, that there were moments when it would not have been the blind only who would have mistaken her to be beautiful. Her early childhood had indeed given the promise of attractions, which the small pox, that then fearful malady, had inexorably marred. It had not only seared the smooth skin and the brilliant hues, but utterly changed even the character of the features. It so happened that Lucille's family were celebrated for beauty, and vain of that celebrity; and so bitterly had the parents deplored the effects of the cruel malady, that poor Lucille had been early taught to consider them far more grievous than they really were, and to exaggerate the advantages of that beauty, the loss of which was considered by her parents so heavy a misfortune. Lucille, too, had a cousin named

Julie, who was the wonder of all Malines for her personal perfections; and as the cousins were much together, the contrast was too striking not to occasion frequent mortification to Lucille. But every misfortune has something of a counterpoise; and the consciousness of personal inferiority had meekened, without souring her temper, had given a gentleness to a spirit that otherwise might have been too high, and humility to a mind that was naturally strong, impassioned, and energetic.

And yet Lucille had long conquered the one disadvantage she most dreaded in the want of beauty. Lucille was never known but to be loved. Wherever came her presence, her bright and soft mind diffused a certain inexpressible charm; and where she was not, a something was missing from the scene which not even Julie's beauty could replace.

"I propose," said St. Amand to Madame le Tisseur, Lucille's mother, as he sat in her little *salon*—for he had already contracted that acquaintance with the family which permitted him to be led to their house, to return the visits Madame le Tisseur had made him, and his dog, once more returned a penitent to his master, always conducted his steps to the humble abode, and stopped instinctively at the door—"I propose," said St. Amand, after a pause, and with some embarrassment, "to stay a little while longer at Malines; the air agrees with me, and I like the quiet of the place; but you are aware, madame, that in a hotel among strangers, I feel my situation somewhat cheerless. I have been thinking,"—St. Amand paused again—"I have been thinking that if I could persuade some agreeable family to receive me as a lodger, I would fix myself here for some weeks. I am easily pleased."

"Doubtless there are many in Malines who would be too happy to receive such a lodger."

"Will you receive me?" said St. Amand, abruptly. "It was of your family I thought."

"Of us? Monsieur is too flattering, but we have scarcely a room good enough for you."

"What difference between one room and another can there be to me? That is the best apartment to my choice in which the human voice sounds most kindly."

The arrangement was made, and St. Amand came now to reside beneath the same roof as Lucille. And was she not happy that he wanted so constant an attendance? was she not happy that she was ever of use? St. Amand was passionately fond of music: he played himself with a skill that was only surpassed by the exquisite melody of his voice; and was not Lucille happy when she sat mute and listening to such sounds as at Malines were never heard before? Was she not happy in gazing on a face to whose melancholy aspect her voice instantly summoned the smile? Was she not happy when the music ceased and St. Amand called "Lucille?" Did not her own name uttered by that voice seem to her even sweeter than the music? Was she not happy when they walked out in the still evenings of summer, and her arm thrilled beneath the light touch of one to whom she was so necessary? Was she not proud in her happiness, and was there not something like worship in the gratitude she felt to him, for raising her humble spirit to the luxury of feeling herself loved?

St. Amand's parents were French; they had resided in the neighborhood of Amiens, where they had inherited a competent property, to which he had succeeded about two years previous to the date of my story.

He had been blind from the age of three years. "I know not," said he, as he related these particulars to Lucille one evening when they were alone. "I know not what the earth may be like, or the heaven, or the rivers whose voice at least I can hear, for I have no recollection beyond that of a confused,

but delicious blending of a thousand glorious colors—a bright and quick sense of joy—A VISIBLE MUSIC. But it is only since my childhood closed that I have mourned, as I now unceasingly mourn, for the light of day. My boyhood passed in a quiet cheerfulness; the least trifle then could please and occupy the vacancies of my mind; but it was as I took delight in being read to—as I listened to the vivid descriptions of poetry, as I glowed at the recital of great deeds, as I was made acquainted by books, with the energy, the action, the heat, the fervor, the pomp the enthusiasm of life, that gradually opened to the sense of all I was for ever denied. I felt that I existed, not lived; and that, in the midst of the universal liberty, I was sentenced to a prison, from whose blank walls there was no escape. Still however, while my parents lived, I had something of consolation; at least I was not alone. They died, and a sudden and dread solitude, a vast and empty dreariness settled upon my dungeon. One old servant only, who had nursed me from my childhood, who had known me in my short privilege of light, by whose recollections my mind could grope its way back through the dark and narrow passages of memory to faint glimpses of the sun, was all that remained to me of human sympathies. It did not suffice, however, to content me with a home where my father and my mother's kind voice were *not*. A restless impatience, an anxiety to move possessed me, and I set out from home, journeying whither I cared not, so that, at least, I could change an air which weighed upon me like a palpable burden. I took only this old attendant as my companion; he too died three months since at Bruxelles, worn out with years. Alas! I had forgotten that he was old, for I saw not his progress to decay; and now, save my faithless dog, I was utterly alone, till I came hither and found *thee*."

Lucille stooped to caress the dog; she blest the desertion that had led to a friend who never could desert.

But however much, and however gratefully St. Amand loved Lucille, her power availed not to chase the melancholy from his brow, and to reconcile him to his forlorn condition.

"Ah, would that I could see thee! Would that I could look upon a face that my heart vainly endeavors to delineate."

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"Impossible!" cried St. Amand, passionately: "however the world may find thee, *thou* wouldst become my standard of beauty, and I should judge not of thee by others, but of others by thee."

He loved to hear Lucille read to him, and mostly he loved to hear the descriptions of war, of travel, of wild adventure, and yet they occasioned him the most pain. Often she paused from the page as she heard him sigh, and felt that she would even have renounced the bliss of being loved by him, if she could have restored to him that blessing, the desire for which haunted him as a specter.

Lucille's family were catholic, and, like most in their station, they possessed the superstitions, as well as the devotion of the faith. Sometimes they amused themselves of an evening by the various legends and imaginary miracles of their calender: and once, as they were thus conversing with two or three of their neighbors, "The Tomb of the three Kings of Cologne" became the main topic of their wandering recitals. However strong was the sense of Lucille, she was, as you will readily conceive, naturally influenced by the belief of those with whom she had been brought up from her cradle, and she listened to tale after tale of the miracles wrought at the consecrated tomb, as earnestly and undoubtingly as the rest.

"And does monsieur travel then alone?" said she; and looking at his face more attentively than she had yet ventured to do, she saw that he was scarcely above two-and-twenty. "His father, his mother," she added, with an emphasis on the last word, "are they not with him?"

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"Impossible!" cried St. Amand, passionately: "however the world may find thee, *thou* wouldst become my standard of beauty, and I should judge not of thee by others, but of others by thee."

He loved to hear Lucille read to him, and mostly he loved to hear the descriptions of war, of travel, of wild adventure, and yet they occasioned him the most pain. Often she paused from the page as she heard him sigh, and felt that she would even have renounced the bliss of being loved by him, if she could have restored to him that blessing, the desire for which haunted him as a specter.

Lucille's family were catholic, and, like most in their station, they possessed the superstitions, as well as the devotion of the faith. Sometimes they amused themselves of an evening by the various legends and imaginary miracles of their calender: and once, as they were thus conversing with two or three of their neighbors, "The Tomb of the three Kings of Cologne" became the main topic of their wandering recitals. However strong was the sense of Lucille, she was, as you will readily conceive, naturally influenced by the belief of those with whom she had been brought up from her cradle, and she listened to tale after tale of the miracles wrought at the consecrated tomb, as earnestly and undoubtingly as the rest.

And the Kings of the East were no ordinary saints; to the relics of the Three Magi, who followed the Star of Bethlehem, and were the first potentates of the earth who adored its Savior, well might the pious Catholic suppose that a peculiar power and a healing sanctity would belong. Each of the circle—(St. Amand, who had been more than usually silent, and even gloomy during the day, had retired to his apartment, for there were some moments when, in the sadness of his thoughts, he sought that solitude which he so impatiently fled from at others)—each of the circle had some story to relate, equally veracious and indisputable, of infirmity cured, or a prayer accorded, or a sin atoned for at the foot of the holy tomb. One story particularly affected Lucille; the narrator, a venerable old man with gray locks, solemnly declared himself a witness of its truth.

It was a story of a mother who, making a pilgrimage barefoot to the holy shrine at Cologne, had her dumb child re-restored to speech.

A misfortune so nearly akin to that of St. Amand, removed by the prayer of another, filled her with devoted thoughts, and a beautiful hope. "Is not the tomb still standing?" thought she, "is not God still in heaven?—he who heard the guilty, may he not hear the guiltless? Is he not the God of love! Are not the affections, the offerings that please him best? and what, though the child's mediator was his mother, can even a mother love her child more tenderly than I love Eugene? But if, Lucille, thy prayer be granted, if he recovers his sight, *thy* charm is gone, he will love thee no longer. No matter! be it so—I shall at least have made him happy!"

Such were the thoughts that filled the mind of Lucille; she cherished them till they settled into resolution, and she secretly vowed to perform her pilgrimage of love. She told neither St. Amand nor her parents of her intention; she knew the obstacles such an annunciation would create. Fortunately she had an aunt settled at Bruxelles, to whom she had been accustomed, once in every year, to pay a month's visit, and at that time she generally took with her the work of a twelvemonth's industry, which found a readier sale at Bruxelles than Malines. Lucille and St. Amand were already betrothed; their wedding was shortly to take place; and the custom of the country leading parents, however poor, to nourish the honorable ambition of giving some dowry to their daughters, Lucille found it easy to hide the object of her departure, under the pretence of taking the lace to Bruxelles, which had been the year's labor of her mother and herself—it would sell for sufficient, at least to defray the preparations for the wedding.

"Thou art ever right, child," said Madame le Tisseur; "the richer St. Amand is, why the less oughtest thou to go a beggar to his house."

St. Amand alone was not to be won by her departure; he chafed at the notion of a dowry: he was not appeased even by Lucille's representation, that it was only to gratify and not to impoverish her parents. "And *thou*, too, canst leave me!" he said, in that plaintive voice which had made his first charm to Lucille's heart. "It is a second blindness."

"But for a few days; a fortnight at most, dearest Eugene."

"A fortnight! you do not reckon time as the blind do," said St. Amand, bitterly.

"But listen, listen, dear Eugene," said Lucille, weeping. The sound of her sobs restored him to a sense of his ingratitude. Alas, he knew not how much he had to be grateful for. He held out his arms to her; "Forgive me," said he. "Those who can see nature know not how terrible it is to be alone."

"But my mother will not leave you."

"She is not you!"

"And Julie," said Lucille, hesitatingly.

"What is Julie to me?"

"Ah, you are the only one, save my parents, who could think of me in her presence."

"And why, Lucille?"

"Why! She is more beautiful than a dream."

"Say not so. Would I could see, that I might prove to the world how much more beautiful thou art. There is no music in *her* voice."

The evening before Lucille departed, she sat up late with St. Amand and her mother. They conversed on the future; they made plans; in the wide sterility of the world they laid out the garden of household love, and filled it with flowers, forgetful of the wind that scatters, and the frost that kills. And when, leaning on Lucille's arm, St. Amand sought his chamber, and they parted at his door, which closed upon her, she fell down on her knees at the threshold, and poured out the fullness of her heart in a prayer for his safety, and the fulfillment of her timid hope.

At daybreak she was consigned to the conveyance that performed the short journey from Malines to Bruxelles. When she entered the town, instead of seeking her aunt, she rested at an auberge in the suburbs, and confiding her little basket of lace to the care of its hostess, she set out alone, and on foot, upon the errand of her heart's lovely superstition. And erring though it was, her faith redeemed its weakness—her affection made it even sacred. And well may we believe, that the Eye which reads all secrets scarce looked reprovingly on that fanaticism, whose only infirmity was love.

So fearful was she, least, by rendering the task too easy, she might impair the effect, that she scarcely allowed herself rest or food. Sometimes, in the heat of noon, she wandered a little from the road-side, and under the spreading lime tree surrendered her mind to its sweet and bitter thoughts; but ever the restlessness of her enterprise urged her on, and faint, weary, and with bleeding feet, she started up and continued her way. At length she reached the ancient city, where a holier age has scarce worn from the habits and aspects of men the Roman trace. She prostrated herself at the tomb of the Magi: she proffered her ardent but humble prayer to Him before whose Son those fleshless heads (yet to faith at least preserved) had, nearly eighteen centuries ago, bowed in adoration. Twice every day for a whole week, she sought the same spot, and poured forth the same prayer. The last day an old priest, who, hovering in the church, had observed her constantly at devotion, with that fatherly interest which the better ministers of the Catholic sect (that sect which has covered the earth with the mansions of charity) feel for the unhappy, approached her as she was retiring with moist and downcast eyes, and saluting her, assumed the privilege of his order, to inquire if there was aught in which his advice or aid could serve. There was something in the venerable air of the old man which encouraged Lucille; she opened her heart to him; she told him all. The good priest was much moved by her simplicity and earnestness. He questioned her minutely as to the peculiar species of blindness with which St. Amand was afflicted; and after musing a little while, he said, "Daughter, God is great and merciful; we must trust in his power, but we must not forget that he mostly works by mortal agents. As you pass through Louvain in your way home, fail not to see there a certain physician, named Le Kain. He is celebrated through Flanders for the cures he has wrought among the blind, and his advice is sought by all classes from far and near. He lives hard by the Hôtel de Ville, but any one will inform you of his residence. Stay, my child, you shall take him a note from me; he is a benevolent and kindly man, and you shall tell him ex-

actly the same story (and with the same voice) you have told to me."

So saying, the old priest made Lucille accompany him to his home, and forcing her to refresh herself less sparingly than she had yet done since she had left Malines, he gave her his blessing, and a letter to Le Kain, which he rightly judged would ensure her a patient hearing from the physician. Well-known among all men of science was the name of the priest, and a word of recommendation from him went farther; where virtue and wisdom were honored, than the longest letter from the haughtiest *sieur* in Flanders.

With a patient and hopeful spirit, the young pilgrim turned her back on the Roman Cologne, and now about to rejoin St. Amand, she felt neither the heat of the sun nor the weariness of the road. It was one day at noon that she again passed through Louvain, and she soon found herself by the noble edifice of the Hôtel de Ville. Proud rose its Gothic spires against the sky, and the sun shone bright on its rich tracery and Gothic casements; the broad open street was crowded with persons of all classes, and it was with some modest alarm that Lucille lowered her veil and mingled with the throng. It was easy, as the priest had said to find the house of Le Kain; she bade the servant to take the priest's letter to his master, and she was not long kept waiting before she was admitted to the physician's presence. He was a spare, tall man, with a bald front, and a calm and friendly countenance. He was not less touched than the priest had been by the manner in which she narrated her story, described the affliction of her betrothed, and the hope that had inspired the pilgrimage she had just made.

"Well," said he, encouragingly, "we must see our patient. You can bring him hither to me."

"Ah, sir, I had hoped—" Lucille stopped suddenly.

"What, my young friend?"

"That I might have the triumph of bringing you to Malines. I know, sir, what you are about to say: and I know, sir, your time must be very valuable; but I am not so poor as I seem, and Eugene, that is Monsieur St. Amand, is very rich, and—and I have at Bruxelles what I am sure is a large sum; it was to have provided for the wedding, but it is most heartily at your service, sir."

Le Kain smiled; he was one of those men who love to read the human heart when its leaves are fair and undefiled; and, in the benevolence of science, he would have gone a longer journey than from Louvain to Malines to give sight to the blind, even had St. Amand been a beggar.

"Well, well," said he, "but you forget that Monsieur St. Amand is not the only one in the world who wants me. I must look at my note-book, and see if I can be spared for a day or two."

So saying he glanced at his memoranda; everything smiled on Lucille: he had no engagements that his partner could not fulfil, for some days; he consented to accompany Lucille to Malines.

Meanwhile, cheerless and dull had passed the time to St. Amand; he was perpetually asking Madame le Tisseur what hour it was; it was almost his only question. There seemed to him no sun in the heavens, no freshness in the air, and he even forbore his favorite music; the instrument had lost its sweetness since Lucille was not by to listen.

During Lucille's absence Julie had been constantly in Madame le Tisseur's house—indeed Lucille had prayed her to be so. She had sought, with an industry that astonished herself, to supply Lucille's place, and among the strange contradictions of human nature, she had learned, during her efforts to please, to love the objects of those efforts,—as much at least as she was capable of loving.

She conceived a positive hatred to Lucille; she persisted

in imagining that nothing but the accident of first acquaintance had deprived her of a conquest with which she persuaded herself her happiness had become connected. Had St. Amand never loved Lucille, and proposed to Julie, his misfortune would have made her reject him, despite his wealth and his youth; but to be Lucille's lover, and a conquest to be won from Lucille, raised him instantly to an importance not his own. Safe, however, in his affliction, the arts and beauty of Julie fell harmless on the fidelity of St. Amand. Nay, he liked her less than ever, for it seemed an impertinence in any one to counterfeit the anxiety and watchfulness of Lucille.

"It is time, surely it is time, Madame le Tisseur, that Lucille should return. She might have sold all the lace in Malines by this time," said St. Amand one day, peevishly.

"Patience, my dear friend; patience, perhaps she may return to-morrow."

"To-morrow! let me see, it is only six o'clock; only six, you are sure?"

"Just five, dear Eugene, shall I read to you? this is a new book from Paris, it has made a great noise," said Julie.

"You are very kind, but I will not trouble you."

"It is anything but trouble."

"In a word, then, I would rather not."

"O! that he could see," thought Julie; "would I not punish him for this!"

"I hear carriage wheels; who can be passing this way? Surely it is the *voiturier* from Bruxelles," said St. Amand, starting up, "it is his day, his hour, too. No, no, it is a lighter vehicle," and he sank down listlessly on his seat.

Nearer and nearer rolled the wheels; they turned the corner; they stopped at the lowly door; and—overcome—overjoyed, Lucille was clasped to the bosom of Amand.

"Stay," said she, blushing, as she recovered her self-possession, and turned to Le Kain, "pray pardon me, sir. Dear Eugene, I have brought with me one who, by God's blessing, may yet restore you to sight."

"We must not be sanguine, my child," said Le Kain; "anything is better than disappointment."

Le Kain examined St. Amand, and the result of the examination was a confident belief in the probability of a cure. St. Amand gladly consented to the experiment of an operation; it succeeded—the blind man saw! O! what were Lucille's feelings, what her emotion, what her joy, when she found the object of her pilgrimage—of her prayers—fulfilled! That joy was so intense, that in the eternal alterations of human life she might have foretold from its excess how bitter the sorrows fated to ensue.

As soon as by degrees the patient's new sense became reconciled to the light, his first, his only demand was for Lucille. "No, let me not see her alone, let me see her in the midst of you all, that I may convince you that the heart is never mistaken in its instincts." With a fearful, a sinking presentiment, Lucille yielded to the request to which the impetuous St. Amand would hear indeed no denial. The father, the mother, Julie, Lucille, Julie's younger sisters assembled in the little parlor; the door opened, and and St. Amand stood hesitating on the threshold. One look around sufficed to him; his face brightened, he uttered a cry of joy. "Lucille! Lucille!" he exclaimed, "it is you, I know it, *you* only!" He sprang forward, and fell at the feet of Julie!

TO BE CONTINUED.

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A BUNCH OF DAISIES.

[CONTINUED.]

At breakfast time, Madame de Breuil introduced her nephew to her guests. Ernest was already acquainted with M. de Marvel, Lucien, and the Marquis de Prangy, but he had never seen either Madame de Sauvray, the canoness, nor Madame d'Aubrielle; but, as he had told himself that he ought to regard the latter with the most perfect indifference, he paid no attention to any one except her. On first seeing her, he started. Undoubtedly (at least, as she still lived in his imagination) that was exactly the figure of his unknown, the same grace in her attitude, the same lightness in her movements. By a strange coincidence, Madame d'Aubrielle's light summer dress, of a bright color, and the pretty boot on her fairy foot (which he thought he had recognized), agreed with his recollections of the lady of the diligence.

"'Tis she!" he said to himself, with an incredible degree of agitation; but when she spoke, it appeared to him that it was not her voice, and he was puzzled. He looked at her again, and fancied he perceived other differences. The lady before him was perhaps not quite so tall as the other; her manner of expressing herself, her ways altogether, had less of quickness about them. Decidedly it was not his Louise. Then a movement, a word, a different inflection of her voice, made him change his opinion, and relapse into a state of uncertainty.

This alternation of doubt and perplexity gave him such a strange and bewildered air, that his aunt felt obliged to sign him to gather his wits together. Then Ernest turned to Madame de Sauvray, and entered into conversation with her. She was remarkably plain, even ugly; but her figure was good, and her ugliness was an intelligent ugliness; her title of canoness, and her full thirty years, spared her the annoyances belonging to the second period of feminine celibacy, as well as the timid scruples imposed by the first.

During the first day, Ernest was horribly "out of sorts," being under the influence of a double, a fanciful state of feeling, he had some difficulty in understanding his own mind. Madame d'Aubrielle interested him much; her face, her figure—that indescribable charm of manner which is often a woman's chief attraction, all were exactly to his taste. Was all this admiration for her—for her alone? Was it that he still connected her with the recollection so dear to him, and which still reigned supreme in his heart, or rather in his imagination? Sometimes he had discovered the lady of his love, and then he felt inclined to throw himself at her feet, and swear eternal fidelity; but a moment afterwards, when some fresh doubt arose in his mind, he felt obliged to acknowledge that, even so, Madame d'Aubrielle was most captivating. He, however, soon discovered so much nature, so much grace,—she also had some experience in affairs of the heart, and that he need not fear being misunderstood,—that he at last made up his mind to abandon himself to the charm of her society. He said to himself that it was an absurdity to take so much trouble to make his heart and his memory agree together—that it would be wiser in him to give himself up to the enjoyment of the society of a handsome woman.

After arriving at this conclusion, Ernest appeared in his real character—that is to say, he appeared like a man of sense and wit; and Louise, who had found him hitherto stiff, starched, and cold, did him more than justice.

Thus it happened, when Ernest and Louise had proved to their own satisfaction that it was impossible they should fall in love with each other, they became amiable; and on the strength of the belief of being in no danger, they became really endangered.

At the end of eight days—shall I say with pain, or shall I

say with pleasure?—but whichever way it was, at the end of eight days Ernest discovered that it was absolutely necessary Madame d'Aubrielle should prove to be one and the same person as his apocryphal heroine, under pain and penalty of causing war between his feelings and his recollection. From that time, his fidelity to his ideal became only an affair of conscience—a sort of wager with himself; and every one knows that wagers of that kind are always lost.

One evening some one mentioned a sterling company who were performing in a neighboring town the principle operas of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and even of Mozart. Lucien proposed that they should make up a party to go to hear *Don Juan*. Every one exclaimed against this, on the supposition that the performance would be very indifferent.

"That is very likely," replied Lucien, "But what does that signify? Shall I tell you what I consider the greatest charm of these admirable operas which we know by heart?

Well, then, my imagination, impregnated by the genius of these great masters, seizes hold of their compositions, comments upon them, repeats them in a thousand forms, a hundred fashions, creates for itself a type of *Don Juan*, of *Anna*, of *Arnold*, of *Elvira*, who live to supply it with charming and poetical companions. Every time that I am present at the performance of one of these harmonious poems, my cherished type is awakened within me, and presents to my imagination those beloved though unknown faces. The merit of the singers is a very secondary consideration with me; only my ideal speaks; I answer; all the rest is the accompaniment, nothing more."

"There is in this," said Ernest, "as in all other things, a mixture of truth and falsehood; but suppose now, that an imaginative man is thrown into the company of a lady, a stranger to him, owing to some uncommon circumstances, which add to the mystery and piquancy of the adventure; he is separated from this lady, without knowing who she is, or even having been able to see her face, to enable him to recognize her if he should meet her again, though his soul is full of her; suppose that this man (a little romantic if you will!) attached himself to this lady, whom he imagines to be that type of perfection which he has long dreamed of, and sought in vain, but at the end of a certain time he is brought into contact with a lady who really unites in herself all the perfections with which his imagination has endowed the stranger; that he should have time to appreciate all the qualities of her heart, the captivation of her wit; suppose also, from a combination of out-of-the-way circumstances (this is all romance), that he does not know if this lady" (here Ernest glanced towards Louise) "is or is not the person whom he has met before; if what he loves, or fancies he loves, is the reality or the remembrance,—in a word, if he is or is not faithful to the ideal of whom we have been speaking,—would he not be, at once, the most to be pitied and the most happy of men?—doubtful whether he should wish to be undeceived or to be convinced; if he ought to remember or to forget; to speak, or to be silent."

"And he will end in talking nonsense, as we have all been doing for the last half hour," said Madame de Breuil, gaily, but not before Ernest had had time to observe the agitation of Madame d'Aubrielle. When he had spoken of a romantic and fugitive meeting a brilliant and sudden flush had overspread her face and neck, her eyes had sparkled with more than their usual brilliancy, and (unintentionally, perhaps) met those of Ernest.

In consequence of this discovery, he retreated to his own apartment about an hour afterwards, almost wild with delight.

"'Tis she! 'tis really she!" he cried, rapturously; "I am sure of it—I wish it to be so! And yet may I not be deceived? Can the heart deceive itself? And so Louise is my unknown!"

They are one and the same woman—the ideal and the reality. To me they are the same.

Then another consideration arose.

"But she did not recognize me! My aunt told me that she had an attachment, a mysterious attachment, like my own. Who knows if she was in love with me without knowing it, as I was with her without suspecting it? Oh, if this should prove to be the real state of affairs, I shall be crazed with happiness. To-morrow, to-morrow, I shall know all. To-day I only know that I love Louise."

Ernest went to bed, but passed a sleepless night; the next morning he dressed without bestowing a thought upon waist-coats or cravats.

To take advantage of the fine days in the beginning of September, the party at the Château de Breuil proposed a visit to the ruins of Cernie. There always is within two leagues of every château some classical ruin which it is quite necessary to visit.

Upon this occasion, as the country was so beautiful, the weather so fine, and so good a breakfast was to make part of the programme, no one chose to remain at home. It was settled then that Lucien, Le Prangy, and one or two newcomers, who were sportsmen, should set out early in the morning, and bring to the place of common rendezvous all the partridges in the country. M. de Marvel, with Mesdames de Breuil and de Sauvray, were to travel prudently in their carriage. Ernest, who had taken care from the first to declare himself a sworn enemy to sporting in all its forms, was chosen to accompany Madame d'Aubrielle on horseback.

They set out at a slow pace, side by side, and were obliged at times, from the narrowness of the roads, to approach so near each other, that the veil of Madame d'Aubrielle brushed the face of her companion. Never had she appeared so beautiful to him. The hurry of setting out so early, a little confusion—embarrassment, perhaps,—had heightened her color, and given an expression to her countenance that might have turned a wiser head than that of her lover.

As Ernest and Louise had a great deal to say to each other, having settled beforehand the skillful manner in which they would conduct the inquiries whereby they were to discover what both were desirous of knowing, they of course remained a long time without speaking. Ernest could not find a word to say. This silence at length became so embarrassing and so significant, that to escape it, Madame d'Aubrielle suddenly started off at a smart canter. Ernest followed her example, and for some time they kept together. Louise was mounted on an English mare, a slender and graceful creature named Linda; she was a little skittish and hard to manage when she became animated by the quickness of her pace.

Ernest soon perceived that his fair companion was not mistress of her steed; in fact, that Linda was running away with her rider. He at once used his spurs, and, at the risk of his neck, succeeded in gaining on the runaway. Taking advantage of this lucky moment, and with agility that surprised himself, he sprang from his horse, with one hand seized Linda's bridle, and with the other caught Louise, who was nearly falling from her saddle, and thus saved her from what perhaps might have been a severe accident.

When the danger was over, they had time to look at each other. Ernest was the paler of the two. He did not at first discover that he had hurt the hand with which he had secured the bridle. Though it was a very slight wound, Louise insisted upon his dismounting again. She examined the burning hand which Ernest submitted to her inspection, and he would willingly have endured severe pain to have it so held.

All this could not take place without some confusion. Madame d'Aubrielle felt the look with which the young man was gazing on her, and not daring to raise her eyes, she

stammered something, she knew not what, wishing to thank him for preserving her life; but fearing she would say too much she let him understand by her silence.

At last, as Ernest was really suffering considerable pain, they agreed to leave their steeds at a shooting-lodge, belonging to Madame de Breuil; they then continued their route on foot, Ernest making the most of his misfortune, in order to enjoy the happiness of the expressed pity of his beautiful companion.

It was an enchanting moment; the terror they had both felt, the devotion of Ernest in risking his life to save hers the loneliness and quietness around them, all assisted in heightening the charm.

"Never mount a horse again, unless I am with you," said Ernest, in a tender tone, his voice trembling.

"With you should I be free from danger then?" she asked whilst she felt, by the pressure of the wounded arm, that danger indeed was not over yet.

When they got out of the woods at Chayles, a delightful landscape presented itself to their eyes. Before them lay a large tract of pasture land which might have been described as a carpet of green velvet, covered with flowers, extending its gentle slopes to the foot of the hill. At the sight of the meadows, Louise clapped her hands joyously.

"Oh daisies!" she cried; "my favorite flowers! my dear friends!"

Leaving Ernest, she ran here and there, gathering the tiny blossoms where they grew thickest and looked most fresh.

"What! you love daisies?" demanded Ernest, more agitated and more happy than before.

"Indeed I do," she replied; "and I seldom lose the opportunity of obtaining a bouquet when they come in my way."

Then, all at once, a cloud appeared on her beautiful brow.

"I love them," she continued, in a slightly melancholy tone "Ought I to love them, and ought I to tell you I do so?" There is, somewhere in the world a bunch of daisies which would embarrass me not a little if presented to me to-day.

"You believe that?" said Ernest. "Well, to conjure away the remembrance, let us gather another bouquet."

This was soon done.

"Shall we question them together?" said Louise, with a pretty smile.

"Ay, lady; but first let us question these," said Ernest.

He drew forth a withered bunch of flowers; some of the leaves were preserved.

"This bouquet—what is it? Mine!" she exclaimed. "Can it be possible? Three years ago—that night; it was you—you, Ernest, and the memory of that night intervenes between us now?"

"Only to unite us," said Ernest. "And now, for pity's sake, Louise, not a word, not an explanation more, for if I have deceived myself—if we have both been deceived by some illusion—if we are obliged to renounce, by more certainty, our present happiness—"

"Rest satisfied. Do I wish to be undeceived?" murmured Louise, with blushing cheeks.

At this moment they heard the sound of wheels; as the carriage approached containing Madame de Breuil, who soon perceived them, and who, at the first glance, felt that her most anxious wish was about to be fulfilled. She accosted them in a sportive manner.

"Well, children, what have you asked those flowers?" she said, "and what have they replied?"

"They have confessed a secret," replied Ernest.

"And what is it about?" demanded his aunt.

"The way to be happy," said Ernest, and he raised the hand of Louise to his lips. But whether that hand was the one that gave him the bunch of daisies we have yet to see.

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THE HAND OF GOD IN ALL RELIGIONS.

The noblest view we can take of this world is, undoubtedly, that it has always been under the hand of its Creator, and has never for one moment slipped from under His control. In this light we shall endeavor to show that, inferior as many religions may be, compared to the light we enjoy, the world would have been much worse without them. And that, instead of their being the work of some Arch Fiend opposed to God and progress, they have been His agencies for lifting the world a step higher, restraining its barbarism, and trimming the rough, coarse natures of their followers into something more humane.

In looking at these religions, the proper way is not to ask how much is there beautiful or true in them, but what was the condition of the people before they came. And then we shall not only see that they were as good as those people could receive, but that no wise being would, under the circumstances, have tried to force upon them any better kind.

Take, for instance, the Hindoo religion. Here we have a faith that was evidently made for its believers. It is just as much all-of-a-piece with their natures, as a negro's black skin is all-of-a-piece with his woolly head and thick lips. Like all undeveloped races, they are incapable of understanding how one God could manage all things, and their religion is adapted to this weakness by its theory of a multitude of inferior deities who attend to humanity between them. In their character they are inclined to the mystic and the unnatural, and their religion is full of fantastic revolting and impossible legends, incarnations, transmigrations and everything calculated to take hold upon and influence such half-developed minds. For their heaven, it promises them transitions through the bodies of inferior animals until they are finally swallowed up and absorbed into the great Deity itself; while its threats of punishment for evil are just as animal. To a Hindoo this is the most natural Heaven or Hell he could be charmed or frightened with.

If the inferior religions of the earth have been raised up by Providence at all, the main object must be to control and restrain mankind from gross evils by appealing to their low natures with something that charms or terrifies them. The point is, therefore, not to teach them pure truth, for that they could not understand, but to set up an ideal something that shall act as a controlling influence over their minds and keep them in check. This is attained in the Hindoo religion. It promises them for good a heaven on a level with their conceptions of progress; and holds them from evil by a class of threats calculated to strike the most fear into their natures. And this is the only way mankind can be governed in their low conditions. They must be promised fantastic and impossible heavens; just as we promise children trees and houses made of gold and silver, "when our ship comes home." On the other hand, they must be terrified from committing evil by a Devil just as we frighten little ones with "Old Bogie."

This the Hindoo religion, in effect, does. Under its influence the swarming myriads of Hindostan are kept in order and pass a comparatively peaceful existence.

Even the distinction of "caste," so horrible to higher-class minds, is to this infantile race a positive blessing.

Excepting among such as the Brahmins, they are a tame, soulless, servile, mechanical race, without ambition, that need to be handled by machinery and put into their places, and have trades, calling heavens, and hells provided for them; and this their religion does. They would be helpless as babes without that great system of religious government which Providence has prepared for them.

As an indication of what they need, and of how far it would have been wise in God to have raised up anything superior to what they have, it may be mentioned that, while they have a special trinity of gods, one of whom they consider no less than the Creator and Preserver of all things, and another, Sivia the Destroyer—the hateful and devilish "Destroyer" is more universally worshipped by them than any other power. This may be through fear; but it gives us an idea what kind of souls they possess for sensing the value of divine truth. Imagine the Almighty sending such a gospel as Christ's, with its self-abnegation, humility, and love, to such a race—and more than that, imagine Him expecting them to believe it or be damned!

By a contrast of this kind, we can see how wisely adapted is the sensual religion of Hindostan to its votaries. If any one wants to see this adaptation still more, let him study the Hindoo character, and try and imagine what kind of a religion could control the masses of India and suit them as well, was the present one to be swept out of existence. And they will come to the conclusion that the flaming zealots of Hindoism, who have arisen from time to time, and have so impressed the Hindoo mind with its divinity as to spread it over such myriads of people, with force sufficient to last through so many ages, must not only have been influenced and aided by a power superior to themselves, but by one that desired to bless that people with a system suited to their necessities.

If this is true of the Hindoo religion, how true is it of the Mohammedan faith. It found the wild tribes of the East cursed with perpetual hostilities between themselves; and sunk, moreover, in the depths of idolatry. Out of this condition, it lifted them into national unity, and made them feel as though they were of one blood. And though it did not teach them to love all the world—for they were not ready for that doctrine then, it made them at least love those who were of their own faith—previous to which time, they loved none but their special tribe or family and hated the rest of the world. So far, therefore, it extended their human sympathies, and raised them in the scale of being.

With all the imperfections of the Mohammedan faith, we are bold to say that no other religion could get as much good out of the Turkish and Arabian character. By appealing to their sensual and imaginative natures, and representing them as the only people of God, and all the rest of mankind as devilish and heretical, it inflamed their zeal and secured their zealous coöperation; and ensured, moreover, their obedience to the truth it did contain. With very much that is below our standard, the Mohammedan religion contains many excellent principles. It teaches generosity, cleanliness, temperance and prayer. It presents just the very principles that the Turkish nature can sense as divine, and omits those which are above it. If all the angelic world had set itself to devise a religion that would be acceptable to their nature—and would compel obedience to the little light they could receive—to our feeble judgment, they could not have devised a better than that presented to them by Mohammed. It lifted them out of idolatry into a belief in One God. It cemented their feelings in kinship, and extended their sympathies to humanity just as far as they had growth

of soul to stretch them; and gave them just as high conceptions of sacred things as their spiritual faculties could appreciate. Without such a religion, it is evident they would certainly be twice as uncivilized as they are.

Hence, do we contend that God raised up Mohammed, and allowed him to be worked upon by certain influences which his grand imaginative nature interpreted as he did. And he came forth with a consciousness of a mission that bore all before it, and touched the rude Arabian heart. He was no imposter. He brought but a very imperfect scheme; but it was a far more saving gospel to that people than a higher one, because it taught principles within their reach.

To the ignorant and narrow mind, every other religion but its own is of the Devil. All that God has done for humanity in its babyhood, because it is not of so high a tone as it can sense itself, it traces to the same diabolical personage. All the ignorance and backwardness of mankind it ascribes to an insane desire on their part to fight God Almighty. Such people, of course, can trace God's hand in nothing but what concerns their own faith. To tell them that spiritual power was employed to give influence to any Gospel lower than that of Jesus is absurd; simply because they do not understand that God adapts his providence to the condition of the human race. To them God has but one gospel; and, choke or feed; it has to be swallowed by everybody whether they are of the same size or not. How grandly alongside of this narrowness stands the conception of Joseph Smith, that God has in a future life prepared states of happiness on a level with the aspirations and ambitions of every man's soul. If this be true of a future state, why should we not expect that the same wise and loving policy of Deity has been carried out in this life in providing religious governments adapted to the varied conditions of the world; and that He sent forth spiritual power to establish such movements on a level with the character of each work; so as to give them sufficient influence and make them permanent and lasting.

Such a view, anyway, reveals God as a grand provider for humanity; and when we discover His wisdom in the adaptation of Mohammedanism or any other system to earth's children, we are filled with hallelujahs and praise to Him whose tender mercies are as wide as humanity, deep as their necessities and lasting as all time.

HOW THE EARTH WAS BUILT.

OR, PLAIN TALKS ON THE SCIENCES.

No. 4.

It is only a few years ago that people generally believed that the earth was one great mass of rocks and earth thrown together on the same principle that one would build up a dust-heap. It is true that in boring or tunneling through the earth's crust, it was observed that the rocks were piled in layers or strata, one above another; but it was not supposed that there was any particular method in the way in which they were arranged.

In course of time, however, it was discovered that, unless the earth had been unnaturally disturbed by an eruption of some kind, these layers succeeded each other with unvarying regularity. If, for instance, we call that kind of rock nearest the surface A, the next B, and the third C, it was discovered that, wherever the earth was penetrated, A was always at the top, B below it, and C below that again. And what was more remarkable, that, although in some places a layer might be missing, those layers that remained were always found in the regular order. Thus, if C was missing, A was still at the top and B below it.

This led to the question—How does this come about?—

Was the earth built in layers like a large orange, with one peeling put on over the other? Men asked this question, but could get no certain answer till they got it from the rocks themselves. They examined these layers and found to their surprise that between each of them were more or less of the remains of fish, animals and plants, etc.,—many of them of a kind entirely unknown on the present surface of the globe. They found not only the remains of fish between these strata of the earth, but shells and other evidences that between the times of the piling up of each layer, the ocean had washed over the then surface of the globe.

Here comes the answer, then: The Earth was, evidently once somewhat smaller than it is now, and had had a great many surfaces. That layer which is now the farthest down in the bowels of the earth, was once the outer surface of our globe. Upon that surface, some kind of creatures existed before they were covered up by the next layer. This, in turn, had upon its surface another class of living creatures that lived and died, and after long periods were also buried up by the strata that followed it.

Thus layers or strata succeeded one another, each with its different classes of living beings, until the present surface upon which we live was produced, and the present races and classes of animal and vegetable life were placed upon it.

This, in a few words, is a rough history of how the world was built, as told by the rocks themselves; and it is more reliable than a history of any other kind; just as a house, if took carefully to pieces, would tell how it was put together better than any history of its erection found in a book.

One curious fact connected with this story of the rocks is that, while remains of almost every variety of animal, plant or fish can be found imbedded in the lower regions of our globe, no clear evidences of men having existed before the formation of the present surface of the earth can be discovered. And one of the sweetest and most harmonious revelations that these rocks bring to light is that, while every huge and extravagantly formed kind of creature flourished before man's day, the kind and loving Deity that governs us all, prepared the way for man by sweeping them all away before his advent; while He brought with man just such a class of animals and trees and plants as would be pleasant to his sight and more suitable companions for his times. Here, as in all true science, we have a revelation of God's love.

WELCOME TO SUMMER.

BY J. BURROWS.

Thrice welcome, thou fair Goddess of the year,
With all thy splendor and thy bright array,
And joys ineffable; thrice welcome here,
Ascend thy throne—resume thy peaceful sway.

The May-queen has departed with her train
Of sweet delights; but on each passing breeze
The gentle zephyrs strike their harps again,
While feathered songsters warble in the trees.

Most glorious summer! I will tune my lyre
And join the chorus Nature's self doth sing,
To bid thee welcome, for thyself inspires
Creation with the music thou dost bring.

The rivulets that leave their mountain side,
Like streams of glittering silver to the view,
Dance, and sing "Welcome," as they onward glide
To fructify, to season and renew.

Come, fill our vales, revivify and cheer
Each downcast soul, and to each mind impart
New faith and hope, and chase away all fear
From every aching, sad, desponding heart.

CHARLEMAGNE,

THE WORLD'S HISTORY ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

We now come to the greatest man of the middle ages. He was eminently of the imperial type, yet, like as some priests blend in themselves the character of the warrior and the empire-founder, so Charlemagne blended in himself the king and the priest. He came, as we have seen, of a priestly family; and hence, he had much of the priestly bias. He loved learning, was the magnificent patron of learned men, and as much a creator of popes and bishops, as of the temporal lords of his empire. He was moreover not only the founder of the new western empire to succeed that of the Constantines then in decay, but also the prophet of a new civilization. We have in our biographical encyclopedia given views of the barbaric chaos in Europe, which succeeded the decline of the Roman empire, and found that, during that night of the Christian world, the Mohammedans almost alone represented civilization. But a new family of nations had now grown up, the states of Europe had become consolidated, and France ranked as the eldest son of the Church. The time had therefore come not only for a new western empire, but also for a new civilization to spring up in Europe at once possessing the vigor of young races; and also the imperial classicity of the old Roman. This civilization was to be leavened by the Christian faith, and as much of the spirit of Jesus as fierce warlike nations in primitive times could be expected to embody. Some great representative man was therefore necessary to arise at this period, representative both of Christendom as an imperial power, and Christendom as a new civilization. The man was forthcoming. Providence had him prepared: the Heavens brought up for their work of human progress, the magnificent Charlemagne, greater than whom of his type there perhaps was never born. He was not exactly a Caesar nor a converted Constantine nor a Napoleon: he was, as we have typed him, more of an imperial prophet, yet very different to the Mohammed class. This strange blending as observed undoubtedly grew out of the priestly character and bias of his family.

And just here, we are brought to another of the providential methods manifested in human progress in the coming up of Alfred the Great from the Saxon race, so soon after the days of Charlemagne. He, too, was a prophet of the new civilization, and when England, as well as France, Germany and Italy, had become imbued with the spirit of that civilization, then the world may be said to have fairly started on its grander course, the culmination of which we are finding now in the "Latter-days." But there was one more fusion necessary: it was that remarkable blending of the two most powerful, yet somewhat opposite races in the conquest of England by the mighty William. After that period, the civilization of the world was led by the most western nations known now as Great Britain. These are the movements of Providence now before us, commencing with Charlemagne, founder of the empires of Germany and France.

After the death of Pepin le Bref, his sons Charles the Great and Charlotman were crowned and, for a time, divided the sway; but Charlotman dying, his brother Charles the Great, known as Charlemagne, united the empire in himself. He found his opportunity as dictator of the world in the contest between Didier, king of the Lombards, and Adrian the First, who was the ninety-ninth pope.

The ambitious Charlemagne who, from his accession, seems to have contemplated the foundation of a vast empire of the West, listened to the invitation of the Romans and engaged himself to the Pope to pass the Alps with his soldiers and redeem from the Lombards the cities which his

father Pepin had conferred on St. Peter as his patrimony.

Didier, king of the Lombards, resolved to seize by force the person of the pope, which Adrian learning by intelligence from his spies, he assembled troops to defend Rome; after which he wrote to the king of the Lombards, conjuring him by the divine mysteries not to advance upon the territory of the Church, at the same time, menacing him with the thunders of St. Peter. Finding Rome in a state of defence, Didier dared not a regular siege; but ravaged the neighboring country. Charlemagne's preparations of war now alarmed the Lombard king, and he hastened to inform the mighty protector of St. Peter that he was willing to give entire satisfaction to the Holy See; but the ambassadors of France at the court of Rome rejected these propositions, and without waiting the reply of their master, solemnly declared war against Didier. The army of Charlemagne thereupon passed into Italy and blockaded Pavia, while the Lombards of Rieti, Spoletti Ossino, Ancona and Folegiri, frightened at the formidable invasion of the Franks, humbled themselves to the court of Rome.

During the siege of Pavia, Charlemagne made a journey to Rome to assist at the celebration of Easter, whereupon the magistrates of the city, the militia, the clergy and the children of the schools bearing branches of rose and olive trees, met the French monarch, and marched before him singing hymns. As soon as Charlemagne perceived the crosses and banners of the procession, he, with his lords, dismounted and advanced on foot to the church of St. Peter, where the pope, surrounded by his priests and deacons, awaited him on the sill of the temple. The conqueror bent and kissed the steps of the sacred church, and embraced the pontiff; and then, hand in hand, Charlemagne and Pope Adrian entered the church and prostrated themselves at the tomb of the chief of the Apostles.

Charlemagne, during his stay at Rome, caused a deed to be executed and deposited on the altar of St. Peter, by which the Church became possessed, as gifts from Pepin of France, and his sons, of the Isle of Carso, the cities of Barti, Reggio and Mantua, the exarchate of Ravenna, the provinces of Venice and Istria, and the duchies of Spoletto and Beneventum. Thus we see how the temporal possessions of the Romish Church originated and increased through the gifts of the magnificent family of Charlemagne who were something more than mere secular kings, who were in fact the very embodiment of the new empire of Christendom, growing out of the family of Arnulf, Bishop of Metz, which was at once famous for its Saints, its sovereign princes, and its imperial Charlemagne.

The king of the Franks, after his first visit to Rome, set out for his camp at Pavia, and completed his victory over Didier king of the Lombards whom he sent a prisoner into France; after which he made his second visit to Rome. "Then," says Mazery, "the pope, followed by one hundred and fifty bishops, whom he had called around him to render the ceremony more imposing, advanced to the front of the palace of the Lateran, and, in the presence of an immense crowd, bestowed upon the prince the title of patrician, the first dignity of the empire. He conferred upon him the right of investing bishops within his States, and even of nominating popes, in order to put an end to the cavals and disorders of the elections." Italian historians affirm that Charlemagne renounced this prerogative, reserving the right of confirming the nominations, as the Greek Church had done. The new western empire, occupying the same relations to the Church as that of the Caesars before, was now fairly in existence.

On his second visit to Rome, Charlemagne visited all the holy places, and the priests made the sacred vaults

resound with Hosannahs in honor of the conqueror of the Lombards.

Charlemagne now returned to France to commence his wars in Spain against the Saracens, and in Germany against the Saxons, to convert them to Christianity. The terrible character of his religious wars with the Saxons may be gathered from the one famous item that he caused four thousand of the Saxons to be put to death in one day for their determined refusal to submit to the ordinance of baptism.

During the year 781, Charlemagne having finished his wars with the Saracens and Saxons, paid his third visit to Rome to return thanks and have his youngest son Charlotman crowned king of Italy, and the young prince was baptized with the name of Pepin.

The great controversy of the image smashing again, at about this time, occupied the chief attention of the Christian world, upon which the Greek and Latin churches were divided. Constantine, the Greek emperor, and his mother, the empress Irene, yielded to Pope Adrian, and resumed image worship, while, very singular to note, Charlemagne, the founder of the new empire of the west, threw his weight against the Christian idolatry. This grand apostle of empire and civilization, trembled not at the thunders of the pope but sought to establish among the bishops of the West an enlightened unity of the faith throughout his kingdom, and put an end to the quarrels of his bishops. He, therefore, convoked a council of prelates, presiding over his provinces, to the number of three hundred, who assembled at his residence at Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, to whom were added three hundred monks besides the principal lords of the imperial court. Charlemagne presided, and astonished the Council with his eloquence and theological discussions. He next addressed a synodical epistle to the ecclesiastics of Spain, which will, in itself, illustrate Charlemagne in his character as an imperial apostle:

"We are profoundly touched, lords bishops, by the oppressions which the infidel causes you to endure; but we suffer a still greater affliction from the error which reigns among you, and which has forced us to assemble a council of all the prelates of our kingdom, to declare the orthodox faith on the adoption of the flesh of Jesus Christ.

"We have examined your writings with profound attention, and your objections have been discussed, article by article, in the synod. Each bishop, in our presence, has had full liberty to express his opinion, and, by the aid of God, this important question is finally decided.

"I conjure you, however, to embrace our confession of faith in the spirit of peace, and not to elevate your doctrines above the decision of the universal church.

"Previous to the scandal to which you have given rise by the error of the adoption, we loved you as our brethren; the uprightness of your belief consoled us in your temporal servitude, and we had resolved to free you from the oppression of the Saracens.

"Do not, then, deprive yourselves of the participation of our prayers and our aid; for if, after the admonition of the pope and the warnings of the council, you do not renounce your error, we shall regard you as heretics, and shall not dare to have further communication with you.

"As to the proposition submitted to our judgment, on the new synod held at Constantinople, in which it was ordained, under penalty of anathema, to render to the images of saints, the worship and adoration rendered to the divine Trinity, the fathers of our assembly have rejected this sacrilegious doctrine as impious, and reject the judgment of the court of Rome."

FABULOUS HISTORY OF ROME CONSIDERED.

OR, HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

BY ELI B. KELSEY.

In our researches into the origin and early history of the Romans, we find that their early writers drew as largely upon their imaginations as did the writers of all the olden nations of antiquity, the story of Romulus and Remus is but a bur-

lesque on common sense, and never could have been received but by an ignorant and barbarous people. It is now a matter of great doubt, among historians, whether such persons as Romulus and Remus ever existed. Some ancient historians, especially those of Greek origin, contend that a party of Trojans escaping from their beleaguered city, took shipping and started out on the hunt for a land far removed from their mighty and warlike neighbors, the Greeks, where they could hope to live in peace. They finally sailed up the Tiber and went ashore to hunt for food and to have a good time generally. A bold and daring woman named "Roma," wife of one of the Trojan Refugees, tired of being cooped up on shipboard, influenced the female members of the expedition to set the ships on fire in the absence of their male friends, who had by this time got tired of inactivity, and were about reëmbarking to continue their search for a better land. In those rude times the women performed almost all of the manual labor, and they found that a migratory life was, of all others, the worst for them. The men upon discovering what had been done, and finding also that all their "woman-kind" were alike guilty, although very wroth at the trick played upon them, concluded to accept of the olive branch held out to them by their wives and sisters, who, to appease them, made free use of tears, and all those blandishments that have rendered the sex invincible in all ages. The necessity of their circumstances obliged them to have recourse to the cultivation of the soil for their support. The land being fruitful, and the climate not to be complained of, they not only became reconciled to their lot, but were hugely pleased, and upon laying out a city called it "Roma," in honor of the cunning lady who had so effectually spoiled their chance of maritime explorations.

Notwithstanding that the Greek historians, in their endeavors to render the Greek name immortal by claiming to be the originators and first founders of the mighty Roman States, fixed up the most reasonable story to that end. Troubadores and minstrels—the first compilers of tradition—rejected any such easily accounted for origin as that of actual men and actual women having been driven by distress to the banks of the Tiber, and thus becoming the founders of so great a power, and chose rather, that origin that was based upon the ideal and marvelous. The most moderate among them claiming that the god Mars begat Romulus by Ilia, daughter of Æneas and Lavinia, two celebrated characters. But all ardent lovers of the marvelous swallowed without grimace the fable that "Tarchetius," king of the Albans, once discovered a huge Phantom rising up out of his hearth. This unwelcome presence showing no disposition to leave, the oracles of the goddess Tethys was consulted, who answered that some virgin must accept the embraces of the Phantom, the fruit whereof should be a son, eminent for good fortune and great strength of body. Tarchetius ordered his daughter to entertain the apparition. She, declining, sent her maid, who, proving more fruitful than the goddess expected, bore two sons instead of one. After many ups and downs, those two miraculously begotten children were finally set afloat upon the waters of the Tiber. The trough in which they were placed ran ashore where Rome now stands. A she wolf took upon herself the duties of wet-nurse, while the duty of general provider was performed by a woodpecker—a sacred bird of the gods.

It is humiliating to the intelligence of the age in which we live, that historians of our own times will not endeavor to burst asunder this veil of tradition, and procure for us some facts, instead of leaving the subject involved in such a mass of nonsense, folly and trash. Imagine for a moment what would be the answers of a class of juvenile students of history of our day, if catechised upon the origin of Rome:

PEDAGOGUE.—Who founded Rome?

JUVENILE.—Romulus and Remus.

PED.—Who begot Romulus and Remus?

JUV.—A Ghost.

PED.—Who performed the part of a mother to Romulus and Remus?

JUV.—A She-wolf.

PED.—Who provided food for them in their infancy?

JUV.—A Woodpecker.

Great honor is due to that daring writer, Clodius, who, in his "Amendations of Chronology," affirms that all of the ancient records of Rome were destroyed when the Gauls, under Brenus, sacked and burnt the city, three hundred and sixty years after its foundation; and that those which are now shown as such were forged in favor of some ambitious Romans, who wanted to stretch their lineage as far back as possible, and thus be able to deduce it from names covered with (fabulous) glory.

The probability is that some daring freebooter of those rude and warlike days, gathered around him a strong force of "free-companions," and made war upon various petty nationalities in his vicinity, taking captives, and making the maids, wives or concubines, and reducing the males to slavery; this laying in the foundation of Rome a strong stratagetic point to occupy and fortify as a place of safe deposit for the spoils taken in their forays, to which they could return and rest in safety, when wearied with their hunts for prey, would be one of the first measures of an intelligent military leader.

Europe, at that time, was in possession of innumerable petty nationalities. The Greeks, Phœnecians and Carthaginians were all great colonizers, and innumerable colonies of those hardy maritime explorers dotted the Adriatic, the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts of Europe, while the vast interior was in the precarious possession of numerous offshoots of most of the nomadic tribes of Asiatic and European Tartary. The disintegrated state of society was exceedingly favorable to rapine and plunder, by a bold and able leader of "Free-Companions." How much more reasonable to suppose that the foundation of Rome, the then-to-be future mistress of the world, was laid in this manner, than that two (human) cubs of a she-wolf should have that honor—if honor it be?

Of course, in the foregoing, it is not for one moment assumed that any modern historians preserve the she-wolf story but to illustrate the profound darkness in which the origin of Rome is enwrapped. That is well enough understood; the point in the mind of the writer is to show that there is no necessity to present the early history of Rome as hopelessly involved in fable, when a natural and reasonable origin growing out of the well understood condition of those times lies close at hand.

CONSUMPTION.

BY JINGO, C. B. & R. S.

This is a subject that comes home to every man's bosom. It is evident to the most casual observer, that most people consume more or less. We have traveled a great deal by land and by sea. We have journeyed over the great plains repeatedly, have seen the representatives of almost every clime beneath the sun.

I've traveled East, I've traveled West,
And I've been o'er the main;
Have borne the stranger's frown, and worse,
Have traveled home again.

and our conclusion has been, after mature deliberation, that all people eat more or less, either singly, in couples, or en

masse. The intelligent reader naturally inquires why do people eat? The philosopher informs you with a grand flourish that it is because "it is necessary to supply the depletion of the system." This is a direct evasion—a cruel subterfuge. When we come to consider that at a very moderate computation one eighth part of a man's whole life is expended in eating. The philosophical mind of the intelligent reader naturally demands a more comprehensive answer. There must be more than one reason for such a universal disposition throughout the world to almost incessantly gorge themselves, and there is. Some eat from compulsion, but the vast majority because they can't help it. We put this in plain terms in order that even the editor may understand it.

Dear reader, have the patience to follow us through a few figures. We observed, on a former occasion, that "figures can't lie;" as there may be individuals who failed to see this statement we reiterate it, *figures don't lie*. The reader may place the utmost confidence in the ensuing calculations, which are based upon actual ocular observations; and have been made with great care,—no pains nor expense having been spared to insure their accuracy. We will take for instance a man of ordinary consumptive capacity consumes say 7½ lbs. of food at each meal, however as we do nothing by halves, we will call it 8lbs. or to facilitate calculations we will call it, in round numbers, 10 lbs. Say, for instance, he devours 1 lb. of Sirloin, (we have known an individual to eat 5 lbs., but do not wish to base our calculations on extremes), also 4 medium sized potatoes, averaging say ½lb. each, making in all, 2lbs. of potatoes; of other vegetables such as cabbage, carrots, onions, peas, beans, etc. at a moderate computation, say 2lbs.; of bread, cake, pie, etc., 1lb.; of fluids, taking the year through, say 2½lbs., (in summer, much more), the ½lb. of which we will throw off, as we wish to avoid the use of vulgar fractions. Total, 8lbs., or in round numbers (we always prefer round numbers even in g-astronomy), say 10lbs. (Our own appetite being somewhat delicate, we have taken it as a standard. It is true we don't eat much at once, but like to have our meals regularly.) These 10lbs. are consumed, say, three times per diem., (in England, it is customary to eat much oftener.) This would make 30 lbs. per day, or in 365 days, 10950lbs., or, in round numbers, say 11000lbs., which make 5½ tons, or, in round numbers, 6 tons per annum. A temperate man who merely consumes this amount of food at regular intervals, would probably live to the age of 75 years; and, during that time, would manage to place himself outside of 450 tons, or say, in round numbers, 500 tons of food. This food, at 10 cts. per pound, the average price of beef and flour, would amount precisely to the snug little sum of \$100,000. *Ergo*, when a man pays a dollar a meal and a dollar a bed for seventy-five years, he is regularly and systematically swindled out of exactly \$9,600 by proprietors of boarding houses and hotels. We make it a rule never to visit such places as long as we have a friend in comfortable circumstances.

When we contemplate the fact that a medium sized individual, of average mental calibre, consumes in the course of an ordinary lifetime, say 166½ tons of solid food, and twice that amount of liquid food, making jointly 500 tons—to which must be added about four tons, for the extra amount usually eaten on fast days. We reiterate, gentle reader! when we behold such a man, and consider what he has passed through—and what has passed through him—and observe his rotundity and healthy aspect, and when we reflect that he is a self-made man, we are constrained to exclaim with the poet, "Man is fearfully and wonderfully made."

[The intelligent reader will find this subject amply ventilated in our work on "Ramifications of the Human System," page 365, vol. 9.]

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MINE! IN LIFE OR IN DEATH.

No sooner had Donna Clara Garcia ordered from her house, in her wrath, the man for whom she would have given her life, than she would have given almost that life to unsay her words.

"No, no, Farinelli, I did not mean it; your cruel charges wrung my words from me."

"Donna Clara, I leave your house. You shall see me no more."

But the Spanish lady threw herself between him she loved and the door to interrupt his exit. He attempted to pass her, but she threw herself imploringly upon her knees. He attempted to raise her to remove her from his path, but she clung to him as she would have clung to life.

"No, no, Farinelli, you shall not; you shall not leave me thus. You shall not leave me to return no more."

"Donna Clara, you have ordered me from your house. I but wait to obey you."

"Forgive me! Forgive me! Oh, forgive me, Farinelli!" and still she clung to him in her distraction, for she feared, did he leave her now, it would be forever.

As a ship tossed at the mercy of the storm, is woman when the whole yearning of her life is crowded into the span of a moment's distraction. Her love is to her *everything*—not a fragment of her world. No wonder, then, that she clings to its object with a tenacity that knows not the logic of reason when the logic of her feelings overwhelms all. No wonder that even the good woman clings to a bad man—her husband—to the last breath; and no wonder that Donna Clara, a Spanish woman whose very essence was passion, should cling to Farinelli to prevent him from leaving her forever. We have sought to urge for the proprieties, but simply tell the story of Donna Clara Garcia, whose life has its tragedy as terrible as any which she had represented upon the stage.

But Farinelli had been somewhat playing a part, for he had determined to wring from the *prima donna* her knowledge of the retreat of Terese; and her ordering him from the house had given him the opportunity to be cruel.

"Rise, Donna Clara. I will not leave you thus, if you will tell me where my foster-sister is."

"I will; I will on one condition," she answered, rising.

"Name it, lady."

"Promise me that *she* shall never be your wife." The lady, it will be remembered, had exacted a similar promise from Terese.

"I promise you, Donna Clara; and I do it sincerely."

"But swear by all your hopes of salvation."

"I swear by all my hopes of salvation, that I will never seek to make my foster-sister my wife. I had already resolved it."

"Then I will tell you: she is in Paris with Spontini."

"Thank God. Then my foster-sister is safe."

"And now, Farinelli, you will return again. You will return again; will you not?"

"I must first seek my foster-sister, Donna Clara."

"No, no; go not to her. Oh, go not to her!"

"I must; but believe me, I shall not forget this night's scene. Lady, you have touched my heart. I dare say no more. Let us end this interview; and may heaven bless you."

"And you, Farinelli; may heaven bless you! We shall meet again in Paris."

They parted. The Spanish lady had more than half won the object of her life, and she returned to her gay party with a hopeful heart.

"Gentlemen, I am engaged for Paris."

"For Paris!"

"Leave Rome!"

"And upon such a triumph?"

Such were the acclamations which met this sudden announcement.

"May I hope for the pleasure of your company, Donna Clara? for I, too, go to Paris," observed the Marquis Baglioni.

"Delightful, Marquis. I accept the offer. And now, gentlemen, let us renew the festivities of the night. And then for Paris."

The party broke up at three in the morning. Their gifted hostess did all she could to keep up the spirits of her guests; but

the gentlemen were evidently not pleased with the *prima donna's* announcement of an engagement for Paris.

Donna Clara felt much relieved when her guests had departed; for she was sick at heart with the brilliant nothings of the evening which her admirers had poured into her ears. One moment of passionate affection from Farinelli would have been to her worth a lifetime of admiration from noble gallants, whose favors she looked upon merely as a woman of the world. But to Farinelli, she was a woman of heart; and, after his call and the passionate scene that night with him, she ached to be alone with her thoughts.

When she had retired to her chamber, she approached a crucifix which stood upon the table near her bedside. She gazed upon it wistfully and seemed as though she felt a great impulse to fall on her knees before it and vent her heart in supplication, for love at that moment made her more religious; it purified her of some of the dross of her nature. But the spirit of an earthly passion triumphed over the gentler feeling, and the angel of evil drove from her presence the angel of good. She fell not before the crucifix. She took it in her hand not for a prayer, but for a great oath to which her whole being gave fearful response.

"Farinelli," she said, apostrophising the absent one, "You have sworn to me, to-night, by your hopes of salvation that *she* shall never be your wife. My oath shall now be added to yours. By this awful symbol of our church, I swear that you shall be mine! In life or in death, you shall be mine! At the altar or in the grave, my hand shall be your link."

And the Spanish woman kissed the crucifix. That solemn oath the angel of fate recorded.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A NEW MATING IN SIR RICHARD'S FAMILY.

We must return now to the Courtneys, whom we left in great trouble by the stern decision of the conscience of the two families that the Jewess and the Christian must not mate.

But not alone had come this decision. There was, as we have noted, by the united canceling of the betrothal between Walter Templar and Eleanor Courtney, a thorough disarrangement of the entire family intentions. Nor did the towering barrier of religions and races, which had, by the appearing of Isaac Ben Ammon into the action, so suddenly come between our hero and heroine bring about a return to the old engagements of the Courtney family. The betrothal once canceled with such conscientious solemnity in the minds of the cousins, it could never be reconfirmed. Walter Templar was the last man whom Eleanor Courtney would now have chosen to wed. She would as soon have thought of marrying her own brother as Walter. Indeed in renouncing the marriage engagement, he became to her precisely as an only brother. The very sanctity of the past relations made him more than a cousin, and their early associations and attachments confirmed the brother-and-sisterhood of their nature and family which existed between them.

There were also other phases of the case, as it now stood between Walter and Eleanor. A sense of pride and love had entered into the maiden's mind. To have married her to Walter would have humbled, not exalted, her. As we have said, Eleanor possessed the same lofty conscientious character as Walter, and it must be confessed the same touch therein of imperiousness. She was not haughty in a petty sense, but she had all that pride and dignity of sense which is so strongly marked in the old English aristocracy, who would torture their own hearts or go to the block, as became the peerage of a lofty nation, but not relax to save their heart from the torture or their necks from the headsmen's stroke. This was remarkably illustrated by Elizabeth of England, when she signed the death-warrant of her petted Essex, which called forth from Henry the Great of France, the eulogy that Elizabeth alone could perfectly play the sovereign and it was also illustrated by Charles I, who would not, to Cromwell and the High Commission court, bend his dignity to save his head. Now, Eleanor Courtney possessed this same sense of lofty propriety and she would not have consented to the renewal of the betrothal with her cousin Walter, even had she loved him with the love that woman is capable of feeling for the one whom she is destined to find either in this or another life as her mate everlastingly. Had she deemed Walter that one, she would now have refused him until he had come round to feel that *she* was his other half—his necessary link for self-complementation. Had she felt him *hers* in this sense, still she would have given him to Terese, under the circumstances, leaving it to the hereafter to bring about the eternal union of spiritual fitness, when the crossed circumstances of this life are swept away and the self-parts come together as though all things had a pre-ordination. It is thus

somehow or other that women of fine sentiments everywhere philosophise touching their yearnings for their *own mates*, when they find crosses in their love or unfitness in their marriages. And in this matter, though they may not be so practically sound as men, they are more sentimentally wise.

But the revocation of the betrothal had brought Eleanor Courtney to the subject of love in its positive phases. In questioning her own heart closely, she found that she loved Walter as an only brother; and that she did not feel that yearning towards him as for the one destined to be her eternal mate. She realized now the investigation of the matter was so peculiarly pressed home that Walter was too much like her own self. They were the two *positive* natures, and not capable of that beautiful blending of kindred natures in opposites. That law of kindred is not only physiological, but also psychological. We find it everywhere in nature illustrated; and the fitness of the sex for a union is one of its examples; and that example has its finer details. This law was forced upon Eleanor Courtney's perceptions by her own circumstances, and she *felt* before her reason sensed it, or her delicacy worded it to herself that Frederick De Lacy, not Walter Templar, was her fitting mate. Every peculiarity of character which had so harmonized Walter and Frederick in their life and friendship, fitted Eleanor Courtney and young De Lacy for a corresponding union. Eleanor and Frederick, excepting in the sex, were almost identically Walter and the De Lacy over again, or Sir Richard and his dead friend repeated now *exactly* in their children just as they had first intended. Their mating was simply in their case a transposition from Frederick and Alice to Frederick and Eleanor.

Moreover, as already hinted, the disarrangement of the union in one case in the family of Sir Richard Courtney had disarranged the union in both cases between the young folks. Sir Richard and his sister, Lady Templar, in resigning the one case to the choice of the heart, had resigned it in both cases and given up their entire scheme of mating their children. Philosophically, they now realized that these family matings by arbitrary rule were wrong and productive of disappointment, and they conscientiously abandoned their purposes. All this, the young people felt; indeed, Sir Richard gave them to understand as much and that they were all left free to follow the bent of their own choice. They now, therefore, felt themselves unembarrassed and relieved from the ties of all former engagements.

This new state of affairs in Sir Richard Courtney's family brought Frederick De Lacy and Eleanor into another circle of relations. They gravitated towards each other by mutual impulse rather than design, and soon realized their remarkable fitness for a union of souls. At first Frederick De Lacy was startled—aye somewhat shocked by the discovery, for in the buddings of really the first passion of his life, it seemed like treason to the former matings. He schooled his heart severely upon the matter and repeatedly resolved to keep aloft from Eleanor, but in a few hours he found himself unwittingly by her side again. At length he became reconciled in his conscience to these new circumstances, for it is easy to become reconciled to that which our hearts desire. This in the case in question was also the more readily brought about by the fact that Sir Richard Courtney evidently did not disapprove, but looked on with a favorable eye. Walter Templar was also evidently gratified as far as Eleanor and Frederick was concerned, with this providential turn of affairs. As the case now stood the young De Lacy was fairly in love with Eleanor Courtney.

Six months had elapsed since the announcement that the Jewess and the Christian must not mate, Walter had fallen into his misanthropic mood. He shunned all company and all association even to that of his uncle Courtney. It was the first time in his life that there had not been unreserved communion between Walter and Sir Richard. The noble uncle regretted this much, but he could not intrude upon the deep afflictions of his nephew, but he trusted that time would soften the stroke. Fred's alone was the only presence, excepting that of one which did not disturb rather than sooth Walter, but even with him he exchanged only a few words, from month to month, of that summer and autumn after his return from Italy. To Fred he would sometimes give, with a fervent grasp of the hand, a prayer that no cloud might darken the future of his friend and Eleanor, so that the lovers knew that Walter in his gloom was not unmindful of their happiness. This fact gave Eleanor much satisfaction, but she mourned over her cousin, though she approached him not, while Fred would often sadly remark to her:

"Walter is indeed now as Night shorn of all her splendor—no moon, no star in his sky."

For hours each day, Walter Templar would roam alone in the

noble park of the Courtney estate in Somersetshire. Amid the solitary oaks that towered to the sky, he found Nature in harmony with his own mind; and when Autumn came along, and the leaves fell, he experienced in the grand solitude of the park a fitness with his own state. But there was the one other presence that often hovered around him: it was that of his cousin Alice Courtney.

Oftentimes, in the park, Walter and Alice would meet. He would speak to her gently, for he seemed to realize that she was not long for this world. Sometimes he would gaze upon her mournfully, with this impression upon his mind, and then, taking her by the hand, he would walk with her among the fallen leaves of the trees, like two doomed ones who had seen their last Summer of life. They in these walks exchanged but few words, though Alice felt supremely happy; but her presence never made any claim upon her cousin, and as he never dreamt of any new love, and looking upon Alice almost as a spiritual creature from another sphere, this tender association startled him not. Sir Richard Courtney and Lady Templar, however, anxiously marked this association, and already had begun to hope for a union between Walter and Alice.

In the meantime, Terese Ben Ammon was in Paris with her master, Spontini, following her profession, and dreaming, in her pious reflections, of a union with Walter Templar in the better life to come. Farinelli was also there, and so was Donna Clara Garcia. There we shall meet them by-and-by; and there we shall meet the Angel of Death, hovering over one of the characters of our story.

CHAPTER XLV.

SAVED FROM DEATH.

We now come to an incident between Walter Templar and Alice Courtney.

It was Autumn; Alice Courtney and Walter were taking a ride in the park. The horse which Alice rode was usually gentle, though high-spirited; but it was the maiden's favorite, and the noble creature knew the hand of his gentle mistress. The maiden had persuaded her cousin to a ride, but they trotted along side-by-side, each wrapped in self-communion. There was, however, a yearning in Alice's heart towards her somber cousin, painful from its very speechlessness. She was beginning to understand its secret voices. This occupied her thoughts to-day.

The gentle Alice would never have allowed her mind to so run upon her cousin Walter had not the interruption of the union between him and Terese occurred, coupled with the changed circumstances in her own family touching the old betrothals. But the sorrows of her cousin Walter had drawn her towards him, and that ethereal state of nature into which she was fast hastening, made her peculiarly susceptible to his griefs. She felt herself less of this world than of the world to come, and the office of a ministering angel seemed the one more fitted for her than that of a bride of earth. Already a deep conviction had taken possession of Alice that she would die young, though she sought to hide this fact from her father and sister Eleanor. Hence she was not drawn towards the gallant young Lord Frederick De Lacy, for he was in manhood's rich bloom, and was palpably a being of earth, notwithstanding the purity of his native character. He was in the Spring of life, while she, though young, was in life's Autumn. But the grand somber state of her cousin Walter possessed a charm for the spiritual Alice, for he was like the night into which she was fast hastening. There was the morning after the night, but the night came first; and when that morning broke, she saw herself, in fancy, hovering over her cousin Walter a guardian spirit to him.

Such fancies as these filled Alice Courtney's mind as her horse trotted along by the side of Walter Templar. Suddenly, from the underwood, as they rode through the park, a fierce hound rushed upon the noble steed which Alice rode, and his deep-mouthed bayings frightened the spirited creature into an ecstasy of madness. Before the rider had fairly awoke from her dreams, the horse, feeling no resolute hand to check him, had bounded away like a sudden whirlwind, and as he flew along his hoofs seemed to shake the very ground beneath, while the fierce hound pursued like a demon just set loose upon its prey. Before Walter Templar could take in the situation, his cousin Alice was several hundred paces from him. He put spurs deep into the sides of the mare which he rode, and she started with all her speed to the rescue, but Alice's horse gained ground every moment. More than a mile had been made in the mad flight, but the maiden's horse showed no signs of stopping, for the voice of cheer which Walter sent after his cousin increased the animal's fright, which the young man perceiving, produced a silence broken only by the feet of the

flying steeds. At length Walter became alarmed, for he thought he saw Alice reel several times in her saddle; but she recovered herself again, for she perceived a danger before her which now struck dismay to the heart of her cousin. The horse in his mad flight was approaching a deep ravine which nature had formed near the boundaries of the park, and certain destruction seemed before the maiden. Walter, no longer able to contain his speech in the excitement of the fearful crisis, almost shrieked, in the full compass of his trumpet voice:

"Alice, from the saddle—from the saddle! Throw yourself from the saddle!"

It seemed the maiden's only chance from death, and though a confused leap from the saddle of a flying steed might have injured her, it was preferable to being dashed to pieces in the deep ravine. But no; Alice threw herself not from the saddle, perhaps because she took not in the import of her cousin's wild words. It was too late, the horse was within a few bounds from the edge of the chasm—another moment and surely all will be over.

Just then came another wild cry, with such a might of declamatory power that his voice rang like that of an archangel's voice from the skies:

"Alice, firm to your seat! Firm to your seat! 'Tis I, Walter!"

Alice gathered strength at her cousin's cry, while the steed, electrified by it into a demoniac fury, took the fearful leap, threw the maiden over his head on to a thick bed of fallen leaves on the other side, and then brought suddenly up by a giant oak, reared upon his haunches and fell back to be dashed in pieces down the deep ravine.

"My God—my God!" burst from Walter, who for an instant thought that Alice had been carried to the dreadful death with the horse, but the joyful shout of a woodman on the other side: "All right, Sir Walter!" brought him to the truth, and saved him from the leap which most likely would have been his destruction. Then, turning the head of the noble mare which bore him down towards a narrower passage of the ravine, which he knew was near, he barely cleared the chasm and reached in safety the other side. In a moment more he was dismounted by the side of his gentle cousin, and her head was pillowed tenderly upon his bosom.

His trumpet voice had saved her, for it reassured her, and frightened her horse seemingly beyond a mortal creature's leap. For an instant the steed was as a winged thing; the next, a bloody mangled corse at the bottom of the ravine. We have spoken often of Walter's extraordinary voice, and his operatic practice in declamation had now almost wrought a miracle.

The woodman hastened to a bubbling stream close at hand, and filling his hat with cooling water brought it to our hero, who sprinkled it copiously upon his cousin's burning brow, while the peasant, with delicate tact, retired at a distance among the trees.

Alice Courtney revived from her swoon for a moment to find herself on the bosom of her cousin Walter. She looked up into his face with an angel's smile, and then resigning herself to the blissful ecstasy of the situation, her spirit returned again almost within the gates of the other world, where her soul was hastening. Her cousin, finding that she had relapsed into a death-like state, called the woodman to him. With assistance of the peasant, Walter placed Alice in the saddle of the brave mare which had borne him to the rescue, and the noble creature, by her gentleness, seemed to realize all which had happened. Walter then mounted the steed and took his cousin like a child in his strong arms and bore her to Courtney House, avoiding the ravine in their homeward course. The family of Sir Richard was shocked by the accident—there was a new trouble in store for their generous hearts.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE LAST HOPE.

It was a week after the date of the incident related in the last chapter. Alice Courtney had passed through a critical state, and now her life still hung as upon a thread. The family physician had just left her chamber. Sir Richard led him into a private room; Lady Templar followed the two gentlemen, for she was as anxious to hear the candid opinion of the man of science.

"Dr. Cooper, you understand a father's anxious heart for his darling."

"I do, Sir Richard."

"You will answer me without reservation?"

"I hope for the best, Sir Richard."

"Nay, Doctor, but speak as you think," urged the afflicted parent. "Tell me, will my child live?"

"My brother would know the worst, Dr. Cooper," added Lady Templar. "Tell us truly, will the child live?"

"Her life is in the hands of Heaven, Lady Templar."

"Then I am to understand there is no hope for my darling?" observed the baronet.

"Not so, Sir Richard. There is a hope—only one hope. But it is not in my power to bid you hope. Sir Walter Templar can alone give you that."

"Your thought runs with my own, Dr. Cooper," remarked Alice's father; "and it was to find out your view of this delicate case that we now consult you. My sister and myself have talked over the matter many an hour during the past week, and we resolved to-day to speak to you."

"I am glad of this, Sir Richard. I have marked the words of your daughter in her moments of delirium, and the object of all her fancies. Sir Walter Templar is that object."

"My sister and myself have noted the fact, and it has been the subject of our deep consideration. She fancies herself the spirit bride of her cousin."

"Let Sir Walter Templar make her his bride of earth and she may be saved," said the physician. "Yet I will not conceal from you the fact, Sir Richard, that your daughter inherits the seeds of consumption from her mother, but offspring might prolong her life for many a year. It is the only hope, and I have said it rests with your nephew to confirm it."

"Brother Richard, we must now speak to my son," here observed Lady Templar.

"Knows Sir Walter aught of his cousin's fancies," asked the physician of the mother.

"Once my son heard the words of Alice in speaking of herself as his spirit bride, but he has made no comment upon it, nor has he since entered his cousin's chamber, though he almost hourly makes inquiries concerning her."

"Sir Richard, you must speak to your nephew. If all be well, a short interview between him and your daughter may be granted. Upon it her life depends. But tax not the strength of my patient much, barely enough to give her hope. In the morning I will call again. Adieu, Sir Richard. Adieu my lady; and may all be well."

"Heaven grant it, Doctor!" responded the afflicted father.

Sir Richard Courtney next sought his nephew. The noble baronet was troubled in his sense of propriety; but it was for his darling's life he was about to plead. He would perhaps have hesitated long, had it been to any other man than Sir Walter Templar. He did not doubt for a moment that his nephew would give to him back his daughter's life; but, knowing our hero's love for Terese Ben Ammon, he felt it almost sacrilege to attempt to root it from his heart, but his child's life was at stake, and Walter's mother urged him to make the appeal.

MAN'S REQUIREMENTS,

Wilt thou be mine, sweet maiden?

O, wilt thou be my bride?

My spirit, sorely laden,

For such a love has sighed!

Yet much as I admire thee,

I first would rather see

If all that I require thee

Thou likely are to be!

Thou'lt share my joy and sorrow,

Thou'lt love me well and long?

Thou'lt teach my soul to borrow

Fresh comfort from thy song?

Ah yes! but there is more love,

That I of thee desire—

Which (as I said before love)

I should of thee require.

Wilt never have cold mutton

My appetite to hurt?

Wilt never let a button

Be missing from my shirt?

Wilt never let a hole be

Undarned in sock of mine?

Then mistress of my soul be;

Sweet maid, I'm ever thine!